

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



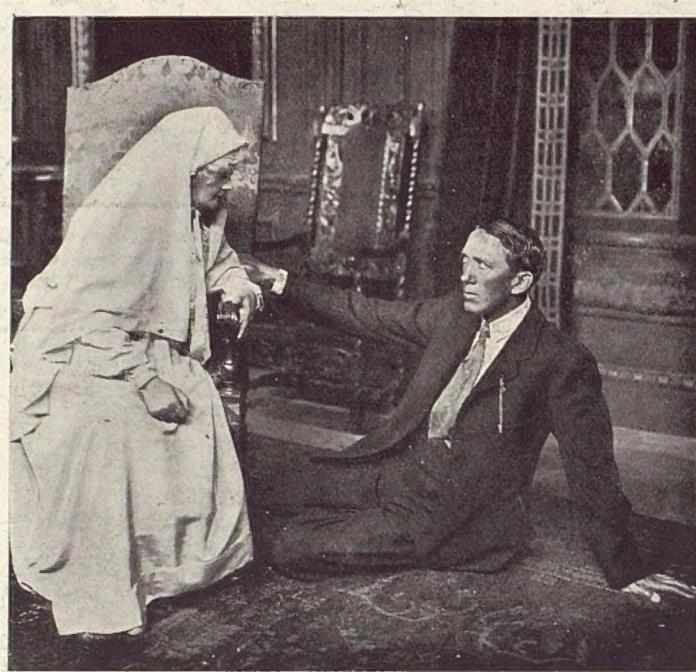
DANCING AND SINGING IN "FLYING COLOURS," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: MISS GABRIELLE RAY.

Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

AMERICAN HUSTLE v. TRADITION: "THE OLD COUNTRY."



VILLAGE MAIDEN AND AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE: MISS ROSALIE TOLLER AS MARY AND MR. DU MAURIER AS JIM.



MOTHER AND SON: MISS NINA BOUCICAULT AS MRS. FOUNTAIN AND MR. GERALD DU MAURIER AS JAMES LANE FOUNTAIN.



PATRONISING THE VILLAGE HE WANTS TO PUNISH FOR WRONGING HIS MOTHER: JAMES LANE FOUNTAIN (MR. GERALD DU MAURIER) POSING AS ARTHUR WELLS, PRESENTS SCHOOL PRIZES.

The plot of Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop's play at Wyndham's Theatre, "The Old Country," is a study of the conflicting ideas of the old country and the new. James Lane Fountain, an illegitimate son, makes his fortune in America, and then returns to wreak his vengeance on the English village which he considers to have treated his mother cruelly at the time of his birth. He comes back under the assumed name of one Arthur Wells, a native of the village who has died, and his plan is to

buy up the whole place and instal his mother as mistress of the big house where she was in service at the time of her lapse. To his great surprise, Jim finds himself baffled by the traditions and prejudices of the old country. His mother herself opposes him, upholds the justice of her treatment by the village, and refuses to be mistress where she had been a servant. Finally, Jim decides to go back to the States, but not before he has won an English bride in the person of Mary Lorimer.

"ROMANCE" IS NOT DEAD: BIRTHDAY WISHES TO CAVALLINI.

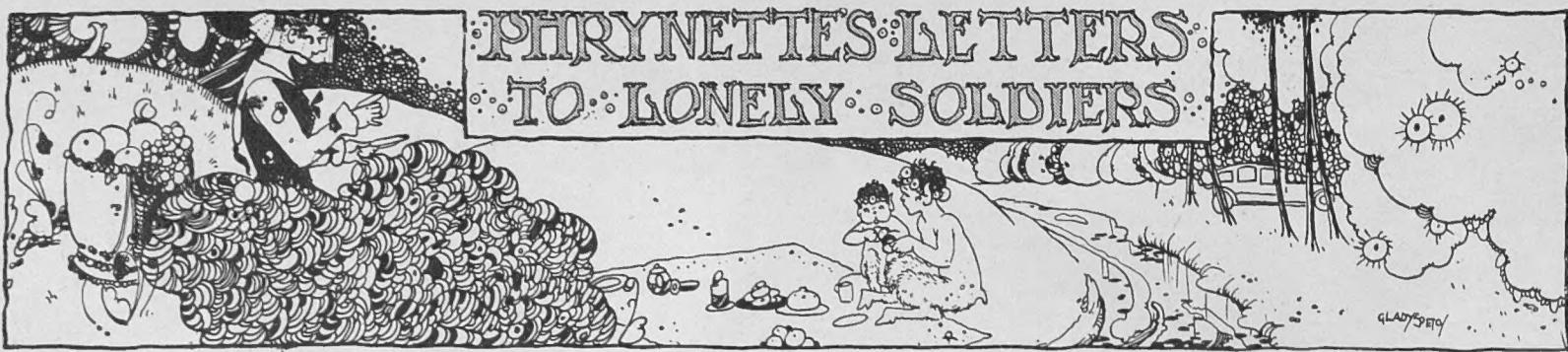


THE HEROINE OF "ROMANCE," WHICH HAS JUST CELEBRATED ITS FIRST ANNIVERSARY: MISS DORIS KEANE AT HER HOME IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

Thanks largely to the fine acting of Miss Doris Keane as the Italian prima-donna, Margherita Cavallini, Mr. Edward Sheldon's play, "Romance," is still holding tenaciously to its position on the London stage, which it first "occupied" over a year ago. The first London anniversary of the popular piece was celebrated on October 6, when a large audience marked the event by great enthusiasm. The success of Miss Doris Keane's impersonation of Cavallini may be gauged in one way by the number of times it has been parodied. Hardly a revue is considered complete without

a burlesque of it, and that is no small compliment. Miss Keane was born in Michigan, and made her first stage appearance in New York in 1903. Her London débüt was made at the Hicks Theatre in 1907, as Rachel Neve in "The Hypocrites." She made a big success in "Romance" at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York, in 1913. She must have played the part of Cavallini now over 1200 times. By a curious coincidence, the date of the hundredth performance of "Romance" at the Lyric (January 4) was also that of her thousandth appearance in the character.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



PHRYNETTE'S PHANTOM.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (*Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."*)

NO, I am quite alive, thank you—in fact, so very much so that it seems I can be in several places at once, which is a feat requiring some energy and several engagement-books—what? I've been met at different places by different You's who write to say so and tell their chums about it, and there would be nothing strange in that except that many of those meetings coincide with my being somewhere else! Either I have the power to project myself sub-consciously in places that I don't know, at people's who have not invited me, or else someone is impersonifying me. I hope she is all that is most desirable to be! A young Captain with whom I was tea-ing told me that a friend of his had met me recently at a certain studio (where I wasn't), and had talked to me, danced with me, fed with me, flirted with me (!), and told him *all* about it! Now this "all" made me sit up, as you say (I was actually sitting up, of course!), and I shivered to think of all the possible and impossible things that other Ego of mine might be doing while I was innocently writing to you or learning to knit! You know my *penchant* for primness and propriety: if this other me flirts and frivols—why, it can't be me, that's all!

I can't even get a proper description of my phantom. You know how vague you men are about details! To hear that one's phantom is "quite fit" is pleasant, but leaves much to the imagination!

Anyway, now you know that here in London someone who passes herself off for me is having a practical joke with you. I hope you'll both enjoy it, but I'd rather crack the joke myself! I have not the philosophy—nor the years—of Pierre de Coulevain, a French woman writer of talent who was leading the very sedentary life suitable to her sage age (she was about sixty). When told that a beautiful and young woman of fashion was posing as the authoress of "The Unknown Island," and that she, the authoress, ought to protest, Pierre de Coulevain, on the contrary, was delighted. "Let her be me," she said; "I can do with Youth and Beauty!"

Yesterday I was lunching with an amiable Major (he had not seen my paragraph about "Lilies" yet!), and he told me that in his work with you he had been keenly interested in your psychology, and that, once the slang and the shyness were broken through, he had been allowed to have a good peep at your soul, and had found it full of ideals. He says that your conception of woman, for instance, is that of a perfect and impossible being—a sort of angel, dressed in Paris, but brought up in heaven! And I thought that, at the risk of another controversy (which we all enjoy), I'd ask you if that is so, or whether you had been hounding the Major with your winged girl sitting on a cloud above. Tell me, supposing that you really did want and did meet an angel, what would you do? Soar up to her, or ask her please to step down at a more convenient level—what?



"Your conception of woman is a sort of angel, dressed in Paris."

Lots of women have dropped ten years of their age. Owing to fear of Zepps., they are using candles which give a very mellow light. The newest candle-shades are in imitation of gold lacquer, and look charming atop crystal sticks. With that old-fashioned lighting system, and the semi-pannier skirts, and the high-piled hair, women are reminiscent of the eighteenth century. One wouldn't be surprised to see them playing chess instead of bridge! Even beauty-patches add to the historical illusion; they are worn in dark colours besides black, and look very well in brown and purple velvet—brown for the blonde and purple for the brunette. I heard a naughty girl asking in a loud whisper, apropos of a purple beauty-spot, whether it was meant to match the lady's past!

Alas for us who long to be fashionable! Pierrette, owning corn-coloured curls, longed to be red and passionate. In Paris, therefore, she had her locks dipped in a decoction which turned her hair into a gorgeous orange, and left a stain all round like a wig! Now she complains she attracts the wrong type of man! "The red flag of danger," a man called her mop of hair, and added he always followed where it waved!

The newest way to carry your umbrella, which must be of a stubby, military kind—you know the sort of fat sticks with leather straps—is to thrust an arm through and carry like an officer's swagger cane. This does great execution, in more senses than one—especially when it gets someone in the chest as the owner nimbly climbs to the top of a 'bus!

You can tell the girls much loved by war heroes by their bracelets. They're expensive, and only the very-much-in-love man runs to them. I'm sorry for the women who have one of the hard,

plain ones—bracelet, I mean—or merely a wrist-watch, even if it has diamonds on the watch.



"Now she complains that she attracts the wrong type of man."

Miss Elsie Scott, who is to add to the "Houp La" glory. And I trust that man's taste. But not quite *all* the pretty girls have been lassoed for the new show, I can assure you. Went to a well-known

atelier last week to see a display of autumn models (what your American cousins call, amusingly, fashions for the Fall—the Fall of Man, is it?), and the mannequins there, *mon Dieu—exquises, delicieuses, ravissantes, on ne peut plus séduisantes!* (I hope you are taking notes—it will come in handy for your next trip to Paris!)

We were all agog, a crowd of women—and men, *mais oui*—to see the fashions. When they came, we couldn't take them in for the loveliness of the mannequins! One couldn't see the clothes for the clad! There was a dream of a fair girl with shy eyes, a provocative minx; a Roman Lady—and other beauteous apparitions. One woman who had brought her dog and her husband with her, noting his absorption in the beauties and his very close inspection of the models, kept on pulling crossly and energetically at her dog's lead—*he*, poor pet, wasn't turning a hair!—and wishing, no doubt, she could slip lead and collar on her husband's neck instead! 'Twas great fun watching them!

At another show I fell in love with a rose-petal pink tea-coat and silver-lace cap with a powder-blue ribbon which was not named until a friend of mine called it "Home on Leave." Rather apt, I thought.

I did not know Solomon approved of mauve and skunk frocks, but such a one was called by its creator "The Song of Songs"! Another gorgeous frock was called "If Not, Why Not?" Why not, indeed? By all means! It meant lots of means to buy it, anyway!

For the bewilderment of man when he comes home from the war, Gisele had pro-

"The cult of the beautiful bath-room, Greek in its loveliness."

vided herself with the latest thing in Parisian evening gowns, the description of which may be wasted on you, but my readeresses will appreciate. It was made of pale-pink and gold metallic tissue, the pink gleaming through the gold, fashioned like a mediæval lady's gown, and with it was worn a pearl Russian head-dress from which depended a fine gold tissue, bound under the chin like a wimple. Men's ideas in dress, however, differ from women's. Gisele paraded in all her finery before her fiancé, expecting a cataract of compliments. All he said, however, to the amusement of all concerned, was "Hum, yes; but I like you best in that soft pink thing with fluffy white stuff on it—put that on *instead*, will you?" And lo! it was just a wrapper! Lucky he did not say he preferred her in her scarf!

But you must not think we are only concerned about our fluffs, frills, and fads. Certainly not. Why, we are very proud of our nursing rig these days. Not a few young Society girls in nurse's dress take their walk in the Park or in Bond Street, carrying cloaks on arms, the better to be seen and admired. One of them, I noticed, wore ear-rings in the shape of a cross of rubies. It is against the regulations, one knows; but then, one must be different if one is a Society beauty.

I saw a funny little scene in the Row. You remember, before the war, the spoiled and beauteous damsel stopped her car for a minute or so when out driving, and would at once be surrounded by nicely groomed young men. Well, the other day there was a wounded officer in a victoria. He was hailed by a woman friend, and soon she was joined by others. It was not his fault, poor dear—he had a bad foot, and couldn't run away—but it was fun to see all those women cluster around him, all as anxious to be amiable as Tom, Dick, and—you were before the war! Not that you are not amiable now; but you can't help feeling ever so much more important, is it not?

Mlle. Dorziat ought to include the rôle of Cinderella in her repertoire when she goes to America, for she has the prettiest and smallest foot any Prince Charming could expect to find. I suppose it is because she looked so beautiful in "The Hawk" that she reconciled me to a fashion I did not care for at first—that of the skirt short in front and gradually lengthening into a train: a difficult thing to carry well.

Mlle. Dorziat is distinctly Greek in type—she rides, dances, and plays tennis with a grace one seldom sees nowadays. By the way, I wonder how a Greek goddess would look dressed in to-day's fashion—say, for instance, like "a little bit of fluff"?

Dorziat started the cult of the beautiful bath-room in Paris—hers is like herself, Greek in its loveliness and simplicity.

To a Captain in Mesopotamia who signs "A Drop in Your Ocean of Yous" (it's fortunate I can swim!)—Many thanks for a most entertaining and instructive letter. But I must disagree with you when you say: "We in Mesopotamia don't seem to occupy a very large corner of your heart, Phrynette; but that is, no doubt, due partially to the fact of our being so far—6000 miles—away, and also to the fact that just at present we are not doing anything in particular to justify our existence. But when the cold weather begins, and we can go into the Ring with the Turks again, I hope you will remember us and wish us good fighting and good luck. Accept the grateful thanks and the deep homage of—A Drop in Your Ocean of Yous."

I don't think I have specialised in any determined zone. My letters are *for you all, wherever you happen to be*. We wish you Luck with a tremendous L, and send our Love with a bigger L still! Love loves a desert—Mesopotamia will be the very place! *Au revoir, Capitaine!*

I am holding over lots of letters. Three from three Majors—they were in the majority!—till next week.



"I was innocently writing to you."



"One woman had brought her dog and her husband with her to see the beauties."

SMALL TALK

Lord CURZON'S rather uninspiring compliments to the Duchess of Devonshire and his pure-leaden praises of the Duke were, perhaps, all that could be expected after a substantial luncheon-party of Old Etonians. The Duke, said he, had one great advantage—the tradition of the men who had gone before him in Canada. And the Duke, in returning thanks, said he had one thing to look forward to on his return to this country—to abide by the traditions of Eton life. And one of those traditions or rules (to which, of course, there are many exceptions) is that Eton men grow, like their speeches, a little heavy as the years pass by.

The Outsiders. Another and more genial tradition is that Old Etonians should always be happy in each other's company. It holds good: it held good very noticeably the other day at the Hotel Cecil. Nothing could have been more cordial than the applause. Lord Curzon, when he gets among the old boys, entirely wipes out the reproach that settled on him at Oxford of being "a superior person." The only reproach against him at Eton was a certain premature sleekness of appearance, so that his hair was as carefully brushed for class or cricket as a Cabinet Minister's when he poses for a film. Otherwise, the description of him as "the brightest, cheeriest little being imaginable, round of face, with pink-and-white complexion" is not at all forbidding. And the other day, at that luncheon, he seemed once more to fit that picture. It was a great gathering, and, besides the crowd of Old Etonians, two strangers were present—the Duke of Marlborough and the Hon. J. Mansfield, invited by special desire of the Duke of Devonshire.

Disturbers of Traffic. Mr. Tennyson d'Eyncourt, who had a hand, or two hands,

in the designing of the "tanks," is a brother of the magistrate. The fame of a mere Director of Naval Construction has, in the ordinary way, little likelihood of approaching the fame of one of the Solomons of our Metropolitan police-courts, but here it really seems as if the technical department of the Admiralty is to be a stepping-stone to popular recognition. The allusion to Colonel Swinton as another "tank" pioneer caused not a little confusion: it is a name owned by more than one man of exceptional ability, and, as in the case of the d'Eyncourts, by brothers who have greatly distinguished themselves.

A NEW PORTRAIT: LORD AND LADY STAFFORD.

Lord Stafford, who is the twelfth Baron, and was born in 1859, fought with distinction in the South African War, 1900-1902, where he was mentioned in despatches and awarded the D.S.O. He is a J.P. and D.L. for Staffordshire. Lady Stafford was, before her marriage, in 1903, Miss Dorothy Hilda Worthington, third daughter of Mr. Albert Octavius Worthington, J.P., D.L., of Maple Hayes, Lichfield.

The Swinton who was at Armstrong's and the Swinton who did good work in solving the

problems of London traffic and in road and bridge planning had both been mentioned in connection with the "tanks." These creatures are, however, of so new and strange a form that they do not properly fit into the sequence of any one man's previous experiments. And, talking of road-making and traffic-regulation, the "tanks" already are remarkable for their prowess in disturbing traffic and breaking roads.

Paint and Diamonds. Lady Faudel Phillips' will, I notice, provides

particularly for the future care of her Sargent portrait and her jewellery. The one, in a way, contains the other, or part of it. In the portrait she is decked with precious stones, and somebody expostulated with Sargent for making her so like a diamond pin-cushion. "Why did you make her put them all on?" he was asked, as if he had himself sought an occasion for demonstrating his dexterity in painting jewels, and at the same time preaching a sermon on the wealth of civic personages. But Sargent was not to blame; Lady Faudel Phillips liked her jewels, and had the sense to know they were in character. She was not built on the "single row of pearls" scale so much favoured by the aristocracy one encounters in the novels: when she first sat to Sargent she did really put them all on, and had to be persuaded that even his brush could not cope in detail with the sparkle of such elaborate riches.

A Woman's Rights. The first thing the National Liberal Club did on settling into its new quarters was to spy a stranger—and a lady at that! She fills the members with both wrath and admiration. On the strength of a previous arrangement with the Westminster Palace Hotel, she claims not only her right to a suite of rooms, but to the use of

the rest of civilisation, as sacred to

by the rest of civilisation, as sacred to

When last I heard the news nobody



COMMANDANT OF A RED CROSS HOSPITAL:
MRS. JERSEY DE KNOOP.

Mrs. Jersey de Knoop is the widow of Captain Jersey de Knoop, of Calverley Hall, Cheshire, and acts as Commandant of the Red Cross Hospital which has been established at the Hall.

Photograph by Lafayette.



WORKING AT A LONDON CANTEEN:
MISS LOUISE TROUBRIDGE.

Miss Louise Rachel Troubridge, who has been working assiduously at the London Bridge Canteen since the early days of the war, is the elder daughter of Sir Thomas Troubridge, fourth Baronet, and Lady Troubridge, and was born in 1894.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.

WAR WEDDINGS: FOUR MILITARY BRIDEGROOMS.



MARRIED AT ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS: CAPTAIN C. BRIDGE AND MISS WESLEY HALL.



A COUSIN OF PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT MARRIED: MRS. LEVITA AND CAPTAIN MAURICE WINGFIELD.



A WEDDING AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE: MR. MONTAGUE HOCKER AND MISS EDITH VILLIERS.



A QUIET WEDDING AT ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS: CAPT. R. N. GREENWOOD AND MISS BEATRICE M. BEBB.

The marriage of Captain Charles Bridge, Royal Artillery, son of Brigadier-General Sir Charles Bridge, K.C.M.G., C.B., and Lady Bridge, of Ballinaboye, Reading, and Miss Wesley Hall, daughter of the late Mr. James Wesley Hall, of Melbourne, and Mrs. Wesley Hall, of Chapel Street, Belgrave Square, was celebrated quietly on Oct. 10.—Mrs. Levita, who was married very quietly on Oct. 10, to Captain Maurice Wingfield, is a cousin of H.R.H. Princess Arthur of Connaught. A reception was held at

Claridge's after the ceremony.—Owing to sudden leave, the marriage of Mr. Montague Hocker, Scots Guards, and Miss Edith Villiers, took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on Oct. 10.—On Oct. 10, the marriage of Captain R. N. Greenwood and Miss Beatrice M. Bebb took place at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. No invitations were issued, but, as in the case of the majority of recent weddings, an intimation that they would be welcomed at the church was sent to friends.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

AFTER TWO YEARS.

INTERNE PRISONER: Hullo, old gal !
 HYSTERICAL WIFE: Hullo, Bert !
 INTERNE PRISONER: How's yourself ?
 HYSTERICAL WIFE: All right. And you ?
 INTERNE PRISONER: Pretty middling. Have a good crossing ?
 HYSTERICAL WIFE: Bit rough. I didn't mind it, though.
 INTERNE PRISONER: Kids all right ?
 HYSTERICAL WIFE: Same as usual. Polly sent you a kiss.
 INTERNE PRISONER: Oh ? How's she coming up ?
 HYSTERICAL WIFE: She'll do. Bob's a pickle.
 INTERNE PRISONER: Is he, the young varmint !
 HYSTERICAL WIFE: Won't half want the strap when you get back.
 INTERNE PRISONER: You tell 'im I'll wallop 'im when the war's over.
 HYSTERICAL WIFE: Nice quarters you've got.
 INTERNE PRISONER: Might be worse. Bit dull, yer know.
 HYSTERICAL WIFE: . . . I went to the pictures last week with Ted's missis.
 INTERNE PRISONER: Oh, yes ? See anything good ?
 HYSTERICAL WIFE: Oh, same old rot. That Charlie Chaplin, yer know. Still, it makes yer laugh.
 INTERNE PRISONER: We could do with a dash of the old Empire out here. . . . Wot about that kiss as Polly sent ?
 HYSTERICAL WIFE: Oh, didn't I give it yer ? . . . Mind my 'at ! . . .

TINY WAR-ITEMS.

In Lincolnshire a cow was frightened to death by a Zepp.

The wife of a Devonshire labourer has given birth to triplets.

Mr. Alfred Wigstaff, of Periton, near Leeds, left £10,866,472.

Essex schoolchildren have been of great assistance to the farmers this year.

Mr. Thackeray Dickens Ipp, the author, whose works are considered immortal, left a shilling (presumably by accident).

A well-known London magistrate has never been fined for showing too much light at night.

A child born at Ripton, near Welmsley, has been christened Crème de Menthe Tank Robinson Haig. It is expected to live.

A Bristol man about to be married attempted to hang himself. Owing to ill-health, however, he went through with the ceremony.

Laplanders in this country are not eligible for military service except under the usual international laws and regimental regulations.

Mr. Arthur Pennyderrydown, of Ayrshire, left £342,895,708 to his valet, who had been his constant companion for two months and never stolen a thing.

In a 'bus collision at Lewisham, an old lady of ninety-four was thrown from the roof of the 'bus into a jeweller's shop. She was much amused at the incident, and said this was her first visit to an establishment of that nature.

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBBLE HOWARD
 ("Chicot").

TRIBUNAL DIALOGUES.—I.

A strongly built young fellow, who gave his age as four-and-twenty, applied for complete exemption.

THE CHAIRMAN: On what grounds ?

APPLICANT: Eh ?

THE CHAIRMAN: On what grounds ?

APPLICANT: I dunno, Sir. I was told to say, "plete zemption," and so I said it.

THE CHAIRMAN: How is your father ?

APPLICANT: He's pretty well, Sir, and thank you.

THE CHAIRMAN: And how are you ?

APPLICANT: I be fust-rate, I be !

THE CHAIRMAN: Have you ever been a soldier at all ?

APPLICANT: Not me, Sir.

THE CHAIRMAN: Do you wish to be a soldier ?

APPLICANT: No, Sir, that I don't !

THE CHAIRMAN: Can your father spare you ?

APPLICANT: Yes, Sir, father can, but mother don't want I to go. THE CHAIRMAN: Will you be a good lad to your mother if we let you off ?

APPLICANT: Ah, that I will.

THE CHAIRMAN: This seems to me a clear case for leniency. I shall give the lad six months' exemption. After all, one more or less can't matter, and his mother does our washing.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

(NOTE. Owing to shortage of paper, our readers are requested to abstain from sending frivolous queries. None but questions of interest to the nation at large can be dealt with in this column).

HETTY.—The Bishop of London was born in 1858. No, he is not married. His recreations are golf, cycling, and fives.

K. T. S.—Miss Mink Dink's first appearance was as the girl-babe in "The Babes in the Wood." She was extremely nervous. Her age, at that date, would be about three months.

MRS. KINGFORD.—Take one normal hen-

egg, two pounds of flour, an ounce of the best butter, a little citron, a spoonful of magnesia, a couple of hyper-phosphates of xyonite, and a sprinkling of calcium. Fling these ingredients sharply into a white-hot saucepan, stir for five minutes, and swallow immediately. If this does not cure your ear-ache, write to us again and enclose photograph.

CAMBRIDGE GRADUATE.—No, we do not know what Mr. Arnold Bennett uses to make his moustache so machicolatic, but will write him on the matter and hope to reply to you in our next.

SINCERE ADMIRER.—Many thanks for your far too flattering letter. No; the scheme for the distribution of postal orders is in abeyance until long after the war.

OLD HUN.—Yes, the Prime Minister's official residence is 10, Downing Street. No, we have heard nothing of a low-flying "Suff.-Zepp." for post-war use.



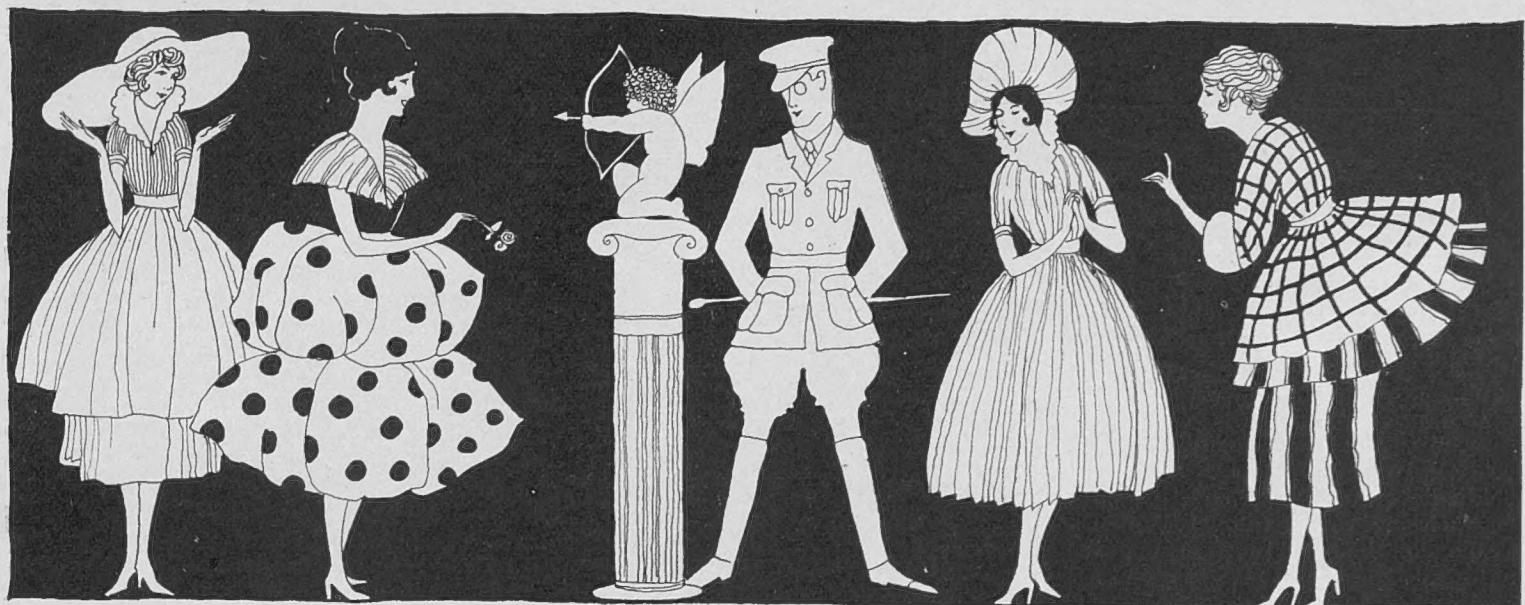
AT SEAMORE PLACE, MAYFAIR: LADY INCHCAPE AND THE STAFF OF HER HOSPITAL.

Lady Inchcape, who was married in 1883, was before her wedding Miss Jane Paterson Shanks, and she is a daughter of Mr. James Shanks, of Rosely, Arbroath, Forfarshire. Her husband, James Lyle Mackay, first Baron Inchcape, was formerly a merchant in Calcutta, and held a number of positions in India. He was, for example, a Member of the Council of India, and Special Commissioner and Plenipotentiary to conduct negotiations for a new Commercial Treaty between Great Britain and China in 1901-2. His commercial activities include those of a Director of the Suez Canal Company, a Director of the National Provincial Bank of England, and Chairman and Managing-Director of the British

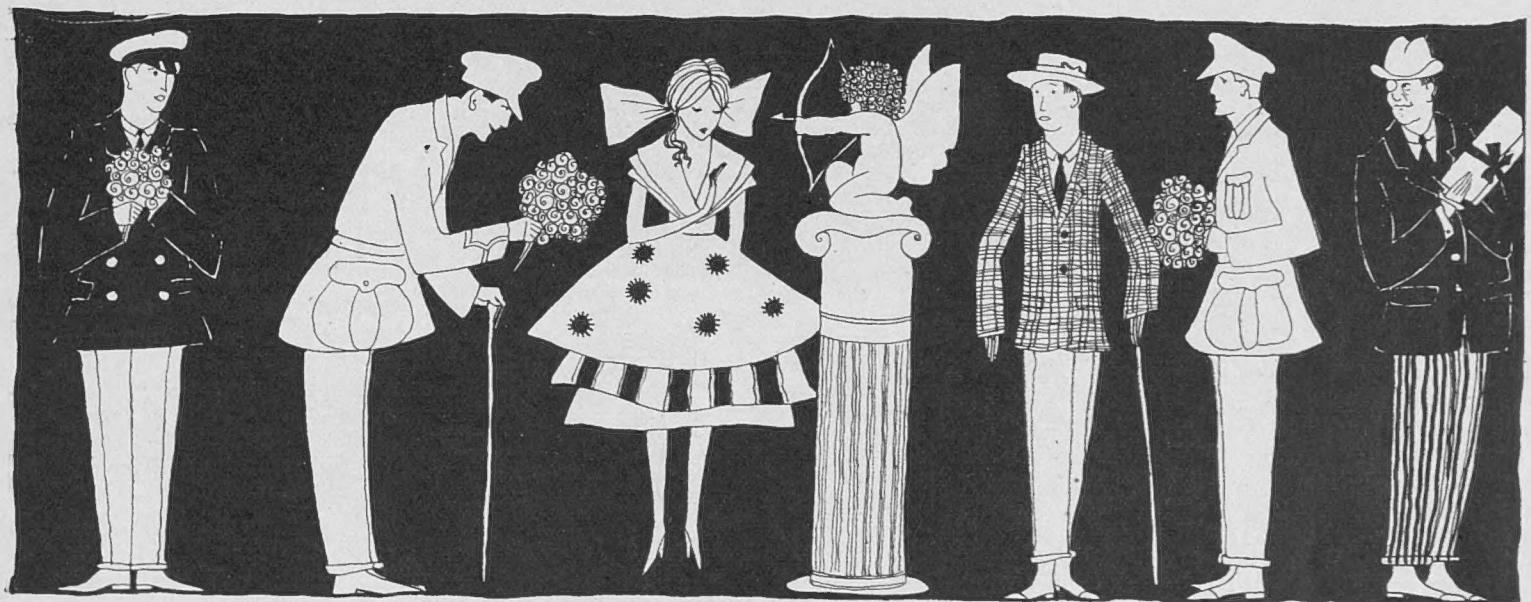
India Steam Navigation Company and the P. and O. Steamship Company. He was created a Peer in 1911.

Photograph by Bassano.

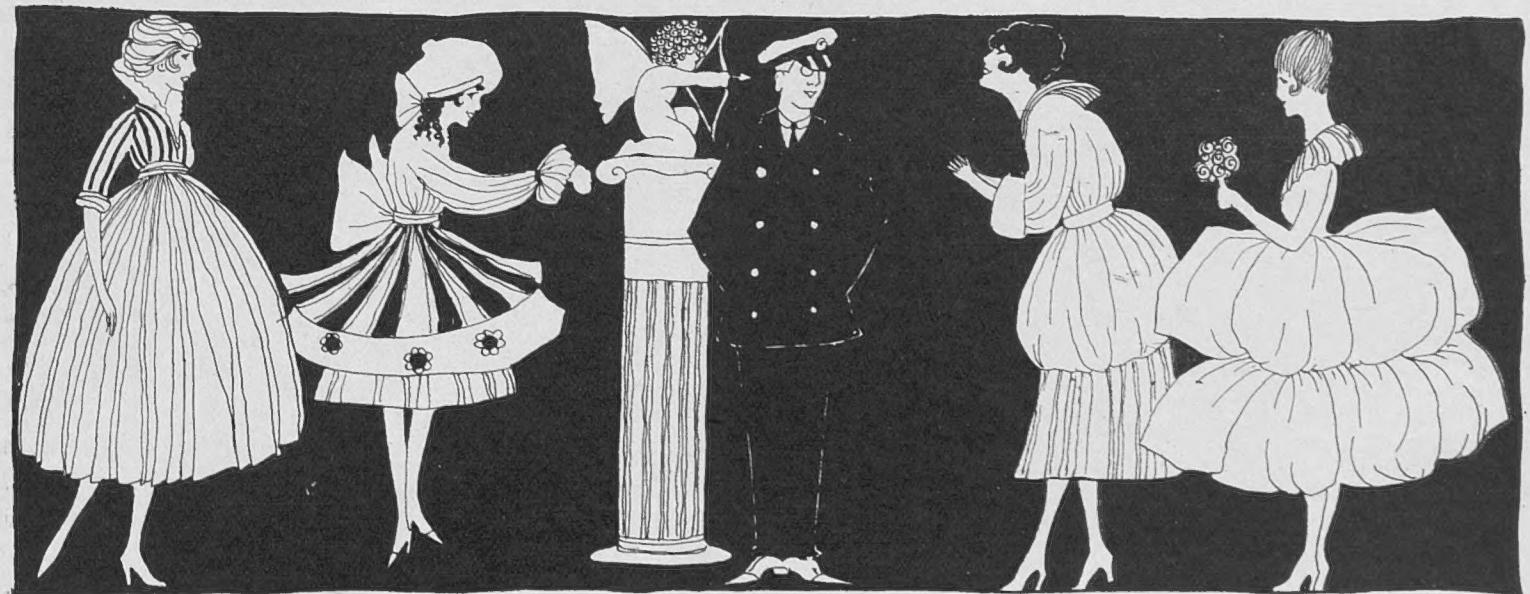
MORALS OF MACKENZIE: THE BELOVED.



THE SOLDIER.



THE FLAPPER.



THE SAILOR.



THE CLUBMAN

"THEY ALSO SERVE"—: A RICHARDSONIAN PROBLEM: THE LORD MAYOR'S LITTLE DINNER.

The Servants' Roll of Honour.

I am told that in one of the St. James's Street clubs not only is the Roll of Honour of members of the club who have lost their lives for King and Country put up in the club-house, but there is also a Roll of the servants of the club who are carrying arms in the King's armies. A club servant belongs almost as much to the club as does a member—indeed, his pride in the club is often a good deal greater than that of a member, who probably belongs to half-a-dozen clubs. Some of the club servants have gained commissions, and they all seem to have fought well and to have kept their health to the extent that their London life hardly justified one in expecting. Other clubs might very well take example, and put the roll of their servants serving in the war in some conspicuous place where the members and visitors can see it.

The Military Moustache.

Napoleon III. and the present Kaiser are the two leaders of men who have set the fashions in moustaches. The French officers in Crimean days waxed the ends of their moustaches as a compliment to Napoleon III., the ends of whose moustaches were long spikes; and some of the British officers followed their example in smoking cigarettes and larding the ends of the hair on their upper lips. Hairdressers in the 'seventies used to sell little glass pots of white wax, to be applied to the ends of the moustache. The German Army followed Prince Wilhelm's lead in pressing upwards the ends of his moustache, and masks to be worn at night kept the moustache-ends in their proper position. There were plenty of these masks to be seen in the windows of hairdressers' shops ten to twenty years ago, but I think the only purchasers were Germans, and the Kaiser moustache never was popular in the Army.

The Two Dots.

Who the brilliant genius was who invented the two dots of hair that the young officers of the New Armies cultivate I have never heard. Some resourceful young officer, finding that the glory of the ends of his moustache did not equal the splendour of its middle portion, must have tried experiments with a razor, and have come to the conclusion that two dots sufficiently complied with the Regulations.

I cannot believe that any subaltern can be really attached to those two little blobs of hair, and the greater number of the Lieutenants and Sub-Lieutenants are, I expect, by now quite clean-shaven. In the Crimea, both officers and men were at liberty to grow all the hair their faces could produce; and after the

Indian Mutiny white troops in India were allowed to grow their beards if they wished to do so. Whether that order still obtains in India I do not know, but it had practically become a dead letter when I served in that Empire, though a few old Colonels retained beards as long as that of an Afghan. A bearded soldier, unless he be a Pioneer, has no official sanction in Great Britain;

and though the officers of the Navy are given their choice between wearing beards and moustaches or being clean-shaven, that choice is not likely to be extended to the Army, and a subaltern on first joining his corps will be told by the Adjutant whether it is the regimental custom to wear a moustache or whether he should be clean-shaved.

Sir Horace's Prophecy.

Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien has alluded recently to a speech

he made to the Harrow Association at their dinner in the July immediately preceding the outburst of the war. He told the Old Boys dining how satisfactory he had found the turn-out of the school's Officers' Training Corps, and how necessary it was for every man and every boy to be ready to do his bit. But I also remember that Sir Horace on that occasion was very gloomy as to the prospects of the British Empire, and expatiated on the signs of a general break-up. That prophecy, I am quite sure Sir Horace would be the first to admit, has not been fulfilled. The world war has knitted the British Empire together instead of shaking it. To India and the Cape the war has acted as a tonic; and, if Ireland just now is in pouting mood, the at the front have covered themselves

splendid Irish regiments with glory, and I am sure that Erin is too proud of their deeds to allow them to dwindle through lack of recruits.

Lord Mayor's Banquet.

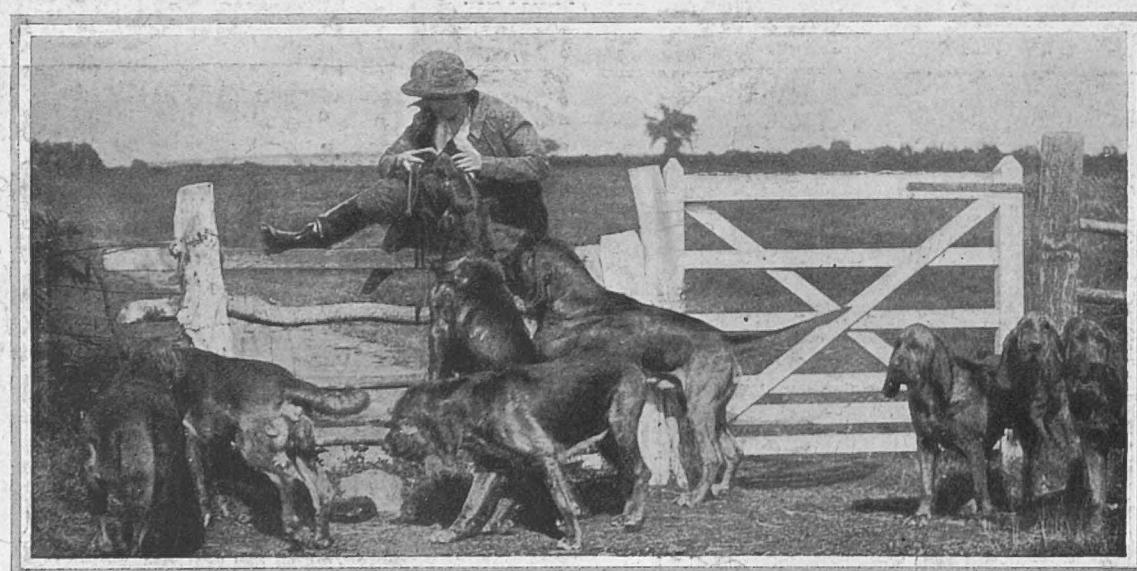
It is announced that the Lord Mayor's Banquet is to take place as usual, but that it will be a very modest feast in length. In the last ten years the number of courses of a Guildhall feast has shrunk to quite modest proportions, and, indeed, is hardly longer than the table d'hôte dinner at a watering-place hotel. There are certain dishes which belong by right to a Lord Mayor's feast, and which it



IN PLACE OF HER KENNELMEN, GONE TO THE FRONT: MISS PEARL O'HALLORAN WITH HER BLOODHOUNDS.

Miss O'Halloran, of Fairwood Lodge, Devil's Elbow, Glamorgan, is well known as a champion bloodhound exhibitor, and led the champion hound before the Queen at the Summer Show. Having lost the services of her kennelmen, who have joined the Army, she now sees to and hunts her bloodhounds herself, aided by a lad of sixteen.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



IN PLACE OF HER KENNELMEN, GONE TO THE FRONT: MISS O'HALLORAN GIVING HER BLOODHOUNDS A RUN.

Miss Pearl O'Halloran, as mentioned above, is the champion bloodhound fancier whose prize-winning exhibits in bloodhounds are attractions at all the principal shows all over the kingdom. Miss O'Halloran is seen here while taking her hounds out for daily exercise—work she does by herself, or with the aid of her kennel-boy, who assists her in the care of the bloodhounds while her kennelmen are serving before the enemy. [Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

would be a thousand pities to omit. Turtle-soup is one, and turbot is another, and baron of beef and orange-jelly. No doubt, a feast at which there are several hundred diners must include dishes to suit all tastes; but turtle, turbot, beef, and jelly group into a little dinner that nine out of ten Englishmen would appreciate.

PRETTY WOMAN IN DAINTY FROCKS: PARIS FASHIONS.



1. CRUSHED-STRAWBERRY TAFFETAS.

2. PALE-BLUE TAFFETAS.

3. GREEK.

Here we have three of the latest Paris fashions worn by Mme. Huguette Duflos, of the Comédie Française. In the first photograph her gown is of crushed-strawberry taffetas trimmed with gold lace and roses. The second dress is of pale-blue taffetas, with lace guimpe. The belt is of deep-copper velvet, and there is a little bouquet of

flowers at the waist. The third photograph illustrates the return to the ancient Greek. In this instance, Mme. Duflos has gone farther, perhaps, than will the ordinary woman of fashion, by being bare-footed and sandalled. In this detail consistency must yield to comfort -- [Photographs by Reutlinger.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIERS

VERY attractive is Ambrose McEvoy's portrait of the Duchess of Marlborough at the Grosvenor. It marks a further step in this excellent painter's emancipation from the glooms of Soho and Chelsea, in which his pigment always used to be involved. I remember him in the days when he was devoting himself to painting scantly furnished interiors inhabited by one somewhat disconsolate model. A joke against McEvoy at that period was the inadequacy of his means. "Hullo, McEvoy, got a table at last! Where is it?" a friend asked one day. In the latest picture the acquisition was there for all to see, but in the actual room there was only the same chair, the same easel, the same round mirror, the same vase—not on a table, but on the usual shelf. "No, I've not got it yet," said he; "that's only So and So, who very kindly got on his hands and knees, with the rug over him. You see, I wanted to paint that vase of flowers

their history, they are all gathered together under a single roof. There was, I believe, some sort of public announcement the day before the luncheon, for two thousand applications for tickets arrived, and arrived too late, by the morning's post. As Lord Northcliffe said, he expected to make his speech to an audience of one hundred and fifty. As a matter of fact, over five hundred business men sat down at the tables, and five hundred more were accommodated with standing room—figures that give an indication of the interest aroused when one man of affairs is ready to unburden himself to other men of affairs about the things that matter, which are, it seems, exactly the things that must not be reported.

Better. The most widely quoted (with head-lines) provision of Sir Victor

Horsley's will relates to the post-mortem examination of his body and the disposal of his skull. The examination, he stipulated,

was to be made twenty-four hours after death by the pathologist of the National Hospital in Queen Square. But why do we make so much of a clause that no longer holds good? Sir Victor died of heat-stroke in Mesopotamia; Queen Square is where it always has been. As it turned out, he bequeathed to the profession, instead of his remains, something far more valuable—the memory of his splendid war service and self-sacrifice. This will remain so long as the chronicles of the Great War itself endure.

The Right People.

Lord Lonsdale, having collected the right people, left London the other day for Lowther Castle, with his party under his wing.

The right people, nowadays, are those who most need the relaxation of the moors, and who most deserve the advantages of the exceptional Lowther shooting. In old days "the right people" were the Kaiser and the Crown Prince. It was show shooting, preserved for show guests. War works changes, and now a lame subaltern is a bigger pot at Lowther Castle than the heir to the German throne. The shooting is as good as ever, and how good that has always been a generation of good sportsmen can testify.



MARRIED ON OCT. 6 TO CAPTAIN T. H. WILLES CHITTY: MISS V. E. BECHER.

Miss Becher (Mrs. Chitty) is the only daughter of Major E. F. Becher, R.F.A., and was married at Barton Mills, Suffolk, to Captain Chitty, R.F.A., eldest son of Mr. T. Willes Chitty, of Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W.

Photograph by Langfier.



AN ASSIDUOUS WAR-WORKER MARRIED: MISS ASHTON CASE (MRS. A. L. HUNTER).

For some eighteen months before her recent marriage to Lieutenant A. L. Hunter, R.F.A., Miss Ashton Case devoted herself to nursing in a Red Cross Hospital in Gloucestershire, and a guard of honour was formed among the staff and some of the patients on the occasion of her wedding.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]



TO BE MARRIED TO-MORROW: MISS JOYCE MANBY.

Miss Manby is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Manby, of Oaken Lodge, Oaken, Staffordshire, and is marrying to-morrow, at Codsall Church, Captain M. W. Brown, Deputy-Assistant Director of Railway Transport, B.E.F., and only son of Mr. F. A. Y. Brown, of Genoa, Italy.

Photograph by Lafayette.

in a new light." Such are the legends that stick all the closer because of McEvoy's present successes in the world of Duchesses.

Hush, Hush! The bosses of at least a hundred Publicity Departments, with their friends, lunched the other day at the Aldwych Club to meet Lord Northcliffe, who has himself paid some heed to the machinery of that same department.

What, then, think you, was the *leit-motif* of that luncheon? Secrecy, pure and simple. In the *Times* on the following day I found nomenclature of it; and the whole company seems to have agreed, as unanimously as a community of Trappist monks, to keep silence as to the more important happenings of an eventful couple of hours. I do not propose to break that silence, but am allowed to make this non-committal comment on the paradoxical nature of man—on the strangeness of this meeting of the very people who have a thousand-and-one reporters at their beck and call, and who pull all the strings of the world of advertisement, yet seek complete secrecy for themselves when, for once in



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT G. DUDLEY DE'ATH, R.E.: MISS EILEEN M. C. MORRIS.

Miss Eileen Mabel Clarke Morris is the youngest daughter of the late Dr. Clarke Morris, J.P., and Mrs. Clarke Morris, of Blackheath. Lieutenant De' Ath is the younger son of the late Dr. G. H. De' Ath, of Buckinghamshire, and is in the Royal Engineers.

Photograph by Lafayette.

TATE'S TANK: H.M. LAND-SHIP "RAZZLE-DAZZLE."



UNOFFICIAL, BUT AS MIRTH-PROVOKING AS THE REAL THING: THE EMPIRE'S OWN PARTICULAR "TANK" AND ITS DOUGHTY COMMANDER, HARRY TATE (SECOND FROM LEFT).



BEGINNING TO GET RESTIVE AND SHOWING SIGNS OF "EATING UP" THE CLOCK: A HARROWING SCENE WHEN TATE'S "TANK" GOES ON THE "RAZZLE-DAZZLE."

The celebrated "tanks," of which so much has been heard from the front, have fired the imagination of that versatile comedian, Mr. Harry Tate. Untrammelled by any official restrictions, he has allowed his fancy free play in designing his own particular type of "tank." The result is certainly amusing, and in this respect Tate's

"tank" is quite on the authorised lines, for the real "tanks" are said to have been great provokers of mirth—except among the Germans. Mr. Harry Tate's type of "tank" is enough to make a Hun laugh, if he ever met it and did not suffer from the national "plentiful lack of humour."—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

A TRIO.



THE JUNIOR SUB. (conjuring at the men's snoker) : Now, are you quite sure the haversack's empty?
HIS ASSISTANT : Absoloutely, Sir. The rabbit wot you put in it's got away, Sir.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



THE RINGMASTER : Yes ; it's all right, guvnor. A good scheme an' bang up to date an' all that. I'm not sayin' anything against that. But wot I mean is—'ow am I goin' to stand outside an' tell 'em all about 'er ? 'Ow am I goin' to pernounce a name like that ?

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



THE FIRST YOUNGSTER (interested in the artist making a pencil drawing) : 'E's paintin' that 'ouse !
THE SECOND YOUNGSTER : 'E ain't. 'E's writin' it.

DRAWN BY B. E. MINNS.

"ALL FRENCH," BUT QUITE ENGLISH, YOU KNOW.



A CHARMING REVUER FROM THE NEW MIDDLESEX: MISS CORA LINGARD, AS SHE APPEARED THERE IN "ALL FRENCH."

Revue is the order of the day in theatrical operations, not only in London, but in the provinces. The names of current revues are legion, and many companies are constantly on tour. In a revue called "All French," recently put on at the New Middlesex Theatre,

one of the principal attractions was Miss Cora Lingard. Our photograph shows her in one of the daintiest costumes she wears in the piece—a fluffy creation in white, wherein the fur border is used with very graceful effect.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



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The M.O.

(The Medical Officer.)

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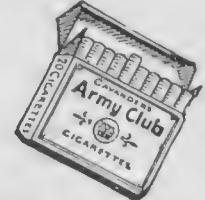
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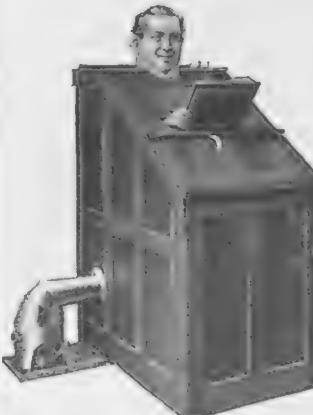
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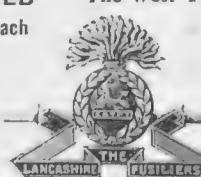
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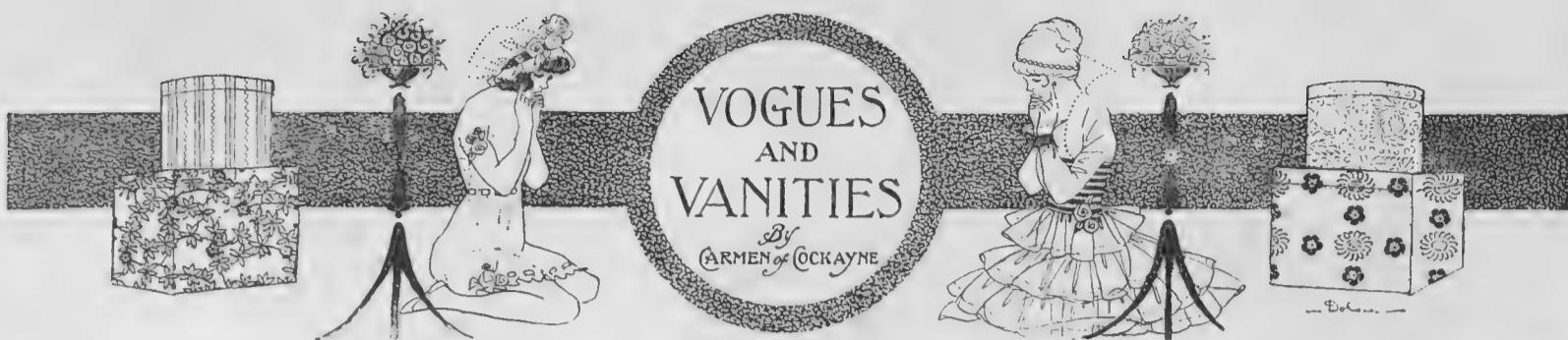
The Royal Sussex Regiment.

THAT TORRID MISTAKE!



THE CROC.: Cuss! I'd have sworn I was going to be a bird!

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDY.



The Small Things of Dress.

Dress, like life, is made up of small things. Some people enlarge on the importance of style and "line," as if these two were the only essentials of good dressing. Naturally, both are important; but the best-cut frock in the world won't make its wearer look "right" unless the numerous small details—veil, hat, furs, and other things—that go to complete the toilette of the smart woman are chosen with care and discretion. In contrast to the stirring nature of the times in which we live, trifles—or rather, what the uninitiated consider trifles—are supreme in dress just now. Of course, it goes almost without saying that the gown or suit must be the perfection of cut, and in accord with the broad principles of current fashions. But just how far removed it is from the plane of the merely "ordinary" depends entirely on the originality of the wearer, and her genius for adding those individual touches to her attire which serve to distinguish the woman who dresses from the one who merely puts on her clothes simply because the law won't allow her to go without them.

Concerning Intimacies. In the "good old days"—invariably those during the childhood of our parents or grandparents—when it was not considered "quite the thing" for lovely woman to venture outside her bedroom except fully dressed, and a bath, even in the privacy of your own apartment, was considered almost an indelicate proceeding, the

intimacies that make up the boudoir wardrobe did not receive the attention they do to-day. But modern ideas and Zepp. raids between them have raised this particular branch of dress to the level of the finest of fine arts. Conspicuous amongst novelties of this description prepared for the autumn and winter season are the boudoir caps. Forgoing the traditional muslin and lace, the most up-to-date are of silver and gold tissue. Some of them are decorated with jewelled embroidery, the stones of which match the colour of the nightie or gown they are meant to accompany. Others are simply tied with vivid coloured ribbons. An attractive style of cap is one that resembles a close-fitting toque. The example I saw was carried out in pale-green crêpe-de-Chine embroidered with silver, and provided with dangling ear-flaps finished with silver fringe. The robes to accompany these caps are equally delightful, though, from the utilitarian point of view, hardly to be recommended as ideal wear for, say, a pilgrimage to view a fallen Zepp. A love of truth compels the statement that, so far, such visions of delight have not been

Extremities match. In this instance they are of pale tinted net, and the cap is trimmed with flowers and black velvet streamers.

- Dolores

seen in any numbers in the darkened streets, 'though no doubt they serve to dissipate the gloom of the ancestral cellar.

The Great Delusion. Everyone labours strenuously to help maintain the fiction that, socially speaking, London is a "dead" city.

Meantime, there is a boom in evening frocks; and quite a crop of "novelties" in the way of head-dresses for night wear in public is being shown by the smart *couturiers*. Some of them are frankly Russian in inspiration, and, despite the incongruity of the idea, accord very well with the twentieth-century evening toilette. One such seen the other day had a framework of palest pink ninon almost covered with a conventional design executed in paste and pearl. A couple of chains of the latter served as a chin-strap, and the whole was infinitely becoming to its dark-haired wearer. For those who prefer something less conspicuous there are wreaths of flowers about the same size as an ordinary bangle. They are not, though, meant to crown the summit of the convoluted coiffure, but to nestle flat against the side of the head just over the left ear. Then there is the

head and hand hair-ornament—a novelty we owe to the stage. As Dolores shows, it consists of a band of black velvet ribbon tied round the head with long ends, which finally come to anchor in the form of bracelets on either wrist.

The Unexpected Pocket.

Fashion is always full of surprises. Her latest achievement in this direction concerns the pocket. That useful adjunct, having been ruled out of existence altogether for a time, now crops up in the most unexpected places. One usually associates its presence with the coat or skirt, but nowadays the boot is not immune, and even the stocking boasts a diminutive pocket capable of holding a note or small change. Then, too, there are veils—square ones—each of whose four corners is weighted with a fur flap just big enough to hold a shilling; and even ties have succumbed to the prevailing mania, and are provided at the ends with sac-like adornments of coloured ribbons.

Metallic Veils.

The original object of a veil—to enable its wearer to keep her hair tidy—is one of those facts that fashion has agreed to overlook. The veil of to-day is very far indeed from fulfilling its utilitarian mission. To be correct, it should reach just below the level of the nose, or else hang loose and cape-like round the shoulders of the wearer.

Some of the newest veils are covered with designs worked in rather thick silver or gold thread. Others are bordered with two or even three rows of white braid or chenille, which produce a rather startling effect against a black background; in fact, it may be said there are veils of all kinds, and, as long as they are becoming—let them come,



Diminutive suede muff embellished with beads are among the newest of fashion's freaks.



What is it? Simply a boudoir "turban" of flower-trimmed satin—and very becoming too.



Brow and hand—no rhyme intended, but it need not be mended—are linked together by a velvet band.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF A SERIOUS SUBJECT.



ANOTHER NEUTRAL TORPEDOED!

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



THE BELLE OF BUNDARA.

By H. P. HOLT.

THE island of Bundara is noted for three things—heat, *dolce far niente*, and Mrs. Simmonds. You can grow cocoanuts and bananas there better than in most places, but they only enable you to enjoy the *dolce far niente* and buy things with which to cheat the heat.

Mrs. Simmonds staggered Bundara by stepping from the gig of a trading steamer in a filmy white silk dress, just as naturally as you or I would step out of the Tube at Marble Arch. There was also a trunk, but nobody would have dreamed of looking at that while there was Mrs. Simmonds to feast one's eyes upon.

Bullard, the lean Somerset man, who had not seen a white girl for almost a year, thought of angels, and nearly got sunstroke by keeping his hat off as he walked up to her.

"May I help you in any way?" he asked, puzzled and painfully conscious of a stain on his native-washed white-linen coat. "Somebody doesn't seem to have been here to meet you." He was making lightning guesses which of the other five white men on the island the culprit could be, but nobody had breathed a word of any possible vision such as this.

"Thank you," said the vision, who had large blue and very innocent eyes. "I—I think I had better find an hotel."

Besides native huts, birds' nests, and the bungalows occupied by the six white men, there was not an edifice on Bundara. Bullard coughed while he collected his thoughts. You just cannot tell a vision like Mrs. Simmonds dreadful news of that kind.

"But your friends here?" he said awkwardly. "You see, the accommodation is limited. May I ask whom you are visiting?"

"Nobody," Mrs. Simmonds replied. "I want to work here."

"I see," observed Bullard, quite untruthfully, and at a loss for adequate words.

"Isn't there an hotel?" the vision asked anxiously. Not a sign of a building could be seen, though behind the bluff, which was covered with cocoanut-trees, was Bullard's bungalow.

"Not—er—not for the moment," the man jerked out. "The fact is, we don't have many visitors. I'm afraid that Bundara is not quite the sort of place you expected. It must have been described wrongly to you."

Tears did not begin to well into the lady's eyes, nor did she gaze hungrily at the desolate shore, an excellent luncheon having been put before her on the steamer by the Captain, in spite of the fact that she had three times declined to become Mrs. Captain during the trip.

"Any suggestion you can offer," she said sweetly, "would be—timely. I shall have to earn my living somehow."

"Well," said Bullard, "we're all desperately behind with our accounts and correspondence and things—"

"I can write shorthand," the vision put in helpfully.

"I know perfectly well that; really," said Bullard, "I ought to advise you to go straight back to that boat; but, if you won't, I can only say that we shall be more than delighted—all six of us. There will be another steamer calling in about two months; and if you care to stay till then we will all six—that is, I"—she was looking at him, and he floundered—"or rather, we—will see you are properly protected."

He told her his name and those of the other five, all the time thinking rapidly. Mrs. Grundy does not live on Bundara, but Bullard had already decided to inaugurate rigid social conventions with the rapidly moving times.

"If you will honour me," he said, "I shall be happy to provide you with quarters until you decide to move. Tank—that is, Teddy Tankerville—could come over. He's nearest. Then there's Tuli, who does the cooking and sleeps in the place. She's been married twice, and, though she doesn't speak more than ten words of English, she's respectable. I still insist," he added, with patent regret, "that you ought to go back to the steamer; but, if you will not, you will have six protectors, besides Tuli. I know 'em all, and can speak for them."

"It sounds delightful," Mrs. Simmonds replied, "and I think I should be stupid to miss it. Besides, you know how bitterly cold it is in England at this time of the year."

Tank believed Bullard had a touch of fever when he rode over, he explained, and bade Tank hasten. But Tank went, and promptly thanked his lucky stars that he happened to be nearest. He was six-foot-two, the hue of a Red Indian, and considered himself a misogynist because, some years before, a doll-like person with no discrimination had refused his hand and heart. His settled convictions on that subject collapsed with a crash when he engulfed Mrs. Simmonds's small hand in his own mighty fist.

There was the greatest dinner-party Bundara had ever known that night, when the whole of the six male population were on parade. Incidentally, the lady stated that the late Mr. Simmonds had given her such a liberal education on the subject of matrimony that she would never, never marry again. All six feared at the moment that she meant it.

At a solemn consultation, subsequently, it was decided that Mrs. Simmonds was to act as secretary jointly to all of them, and it was to be a point of honour that nobody did one stroke of clerical work, so that the total would be large enough to occupy the new staff at least an hour a day. They had much difficulty in raking up even that amount of work for her, but it was necessary, in order to give her the impression she was earning her salary.

Masteau, with the poetic eyes and French blood in his veins, gave way first. Mrs. Simmonds saw it coming, but could not avert it. There is no holding back a Frenchman once he has decided to declare his undying love.

Mrs. Simmonds let him down quite gently—so gently, in fact, that Masteau, although realising that his passion was not and never could be reciprocated, liked her even more. Some women have perfected that art, and built upon it great and enduring popularity—with men.

Tank and Bullard discharged their broadsides within half-an-hour of one another, and spent a pensive day or two afterwards, thinking what might have been.

Lanchester, the man with a genius for raising a laugh when Bundara had got on the nerves of the marooned six, as it occasionally did, confessed something for the first time since he had been on the island: "Only Mrs. Simmonds heard it. It was to the effect that he had a wife somewhere, though he was not quite certain where. He added that he had made up his mind to take a trip to America and secure his freedom. Only the strained intensity of his manner indicated that he was not joking this time, and Mrs. Simmonds exercised her infinite tact in hiding the humour of the situation from him while indicating that it was a course she did not favour.

Rathbone, always slow by nature and through long association with Bundara, brought up the rear after six weeks' deliberation—not whether he wanted Mrs. Simmonds, but whether she would be willing to grace his home as his wife. On learning that there was no immediate prospect of such a thing, he changed his diet to reduce superfluities about his figure, and reflected that while there was life hope remained.

The only one left was Almar Dorrien, the youngster who whiled away life's fleeting opportunities with a banjo and trusted that Providence would bring him a plentiful crop of cocoanuts. He had an amazing répertoire of two-year-old London music-hall songs, and slightly dimmed memories of the gilded life which preceded his arrival at Bundara. He viewed Mrs. Simmonds as a sort of goddess whom fate should have mated with great earthly possessions, such as those of Tank. Tank was Dorrien's particular friend, and Tank, late one evening, in a fit of self-revelation, had said he would gladly sacrifice his last penny if Molly Simmonds would be his, to have and to hold.

"Go in and win," Dorrien commented, with a pang. He was a loyal youngster, and, knowing nothing of the other proposals which had been laid at the lady's feet, naturally assumed Tank would carry off the prize. Tank was the sort of man few women would wish to resist.

But the sun-worshipper is fated to become sun-burnt. Dorrien was thrown into the society of Mrs. Simmonds as much as any of them, and he worshipped her diligently, though with deference. Syncopated music no longer rippled from his banjo; instead, he restricted himself to songs of the type in which "moon" rhymes

[Continued overleaf]

with "coon." He was only twenty-five—perhaps a year older than the beautiful vision which had descended upon Bundara—and one takes such things very seriously at that age.

Mrs. Simmonds maintained a perfect balance in her attitude towards the six. Somewhere in her pretty head there was a pronounced strain of business acumen, and in the course of her official duties she laid bare many commercial flaws which were due to *dolce far niente*, thereby more than earning the income which was paid to her. Apparently she extended an equal degree of friendship to all six, but, having crossed swords with five of them, knew exactly where she stood in their books, and treated them accordingly. Dorrien, as Molly Simmonds could not help seeing, worshipped the ground her dainty little feet touched, and she saw, moreover, that he really believed he was hiding the fact. Not by word or the movement of an eyelash had the girl sought to ensnare any one of them, but the smouldering fire within Dorrien found fresh fuel every time his eyes fell on her.

One night, when he and Tank had consumed many cigars on the breezy side of his verandah, he dropped his little bombshell.

"I'm going to sell out and make for England," he said.

"Take a good dose of quinine and you'll be all right in the morning," commented his companion lethargically.

"But I mean it, Tank," the younger man declared. "I want a shaking up. Hang it, there's nothing to think about in Bundara but one's thoughts! I'm going to see life again."

"My dear lad, you're not serious? You don't really mean that you are going to desert us? I say"—he paused, and looked directly across at Dorrien—"you haven't captured Mrs. Simmonds, have you?"

"Me?" exclaimed Dorrien.

"Yes. She has turned the rest of us down, politely but firmly. You are the only one left in the running."

"No, I have not captured Mrs. Simmonds," Dorrien said. "I shall ask her before I go, but I know what she will say."

He did ask her, the following evening while they were sitting together on the top of the bluff, watching the sun plunge into the reddened sea.

When he spoke she shivered slightly. It was not cold. The tips of her fingers rested momentarily on his hand, and he noticed they were chilly. Her eyes rested on the disappearing rim of the sun for a few seconds, and then she turned to him.

"I cannot," Mrs. Simmonds said in a low voice; but he saw something in her face which he had not dared to hope for.

"Why not?" he asked impetuously. "You know that I love you, Molly. Don't you care for me?"

"I care for you?" she said slowly. "Yes, if it gives you any satisfaction to know it, I do. But I ought not to say so. No, no," she added, drawing away the fingers which he had imprisoned. "Listen, Almar, I love you, and I know you love me; but I cannot marry you. There is a—reason. Do not ask me any more. It was beautiful until you spoke. Now I must go away from this island. I think I should have stayed if you had said nothing, for I was very, very happy."

"But, Molly, you must tell me why you say no. You must. I will overcome any obstacle."

"Dear," she said tenderly, "there are some obstacles which we cannot overcome, and this is one of them. Is it not enough that I tell you I love you, but must suffer as you suffer?"

"No—a thousand times no!" Almar declared. "Molly, I insist."

She stood up and faced him bravely.

"I have deceived you," she said. "Even the name you know me by is not my own. I have done something which would be judged wrong by some standards. Because I love you, and because you insist on an explanation, I tell you this much, in spite of what it costs me. Now will you be kind to me by not probing into that which is better forgotten?"

"Little girl," said Almar earnestly, "I don't care what you have done. I know it could not be anything very terrible—"

She came close to him, and, placing her hands on his shoulders, looked up at him pleadingly.

"It is impossible for me to marry you, dear—quite, quite impossible. Will you try to realise that?"

He would have folded her into his arms, but she eluded him.

"I shall never realise it," he said; "but for the present I will respect your wishes."

There was grief on Bundara when Mrs. Simmonds publicly announced her intention of leaving the island on the steamer which was due a few days later. The prospect of having nothing but *dolce far niente* and cocoanuts to occupy their minds once more came as a shock to the planters. In the privacy of her own room Molly Simmonds shed hot tears several times while packing her possessions, but she set her chin resolutely and showed no sorrow when she met her cavaliers. She even laughed and joked when the vessel arrived. It was to lie at anchor and load laboriously from small boats—an operation that usually took two days.

A bundle of month-old newspapers had come by the steamer. Mrs. Simmonds was reading one of them calmly while Almar Dorrien

sat watching her. He had a big problem in front of him. Was he to let her go out of his life? The following evening, at the latest, she would leave Bundara, and something told him that if he let her go that would be the end. But he could not detain her. Words had been of no avail. Physical force was out of the question.

He was watching her face intently when it grew white suddenly. The paper in her hand shook. He could see it was something near the bottom of a column on the left-hand side of the page which riveted her attention.

With a curious little sound which was half-sob and half-moan she got up and went into her own room, allowing the sheet to flutter to the ground.

The man picked it up with a feeling that he was intruding upon Molly's most sacred thoughts, but he meant to remove any obstacle between him and her that human ingenuity could remove.

Quickly his eyes scanned the bottom of the page, where he found a paragraph which made him bite deeply into his cigar. A moment later he rose and walked out. He wanted to be alone and think. For hours he stared out across the shimmering waves, and then turned abruptly to his own bungalow, where he sat down and deliberately wrote—

MY DARLING,—I have something I must tell you. I cannot stay on this island after you have gone. I would rather sail on the steamer which takes you, but you must decide. Before you do decide, you must read this. Nobody here knows why I came to Bundara. I took my partner's money. There were extenuating circumstances, but the law does not recognise extenuating circumstances of that kind. Having taken the money, I had to hide or go to prison. That is two years ago, and the law begins to forget in two years. Will you come with me to Florida? I have an orange-grove there. Nobody would know us, and we could learn to forget and make reparation. Yours always, ALMAR.

This he sent by his black servant. It was late in the evening, and the man returned without a reply. Most of the night Almar paced from one end of the verandah to the other. Sleep was out of the question. It was hardly possible that Molly had ignored his note. She was probably puzzling what was the best thing to do. The night seemed an eternity.

It was long after sunrise when a messenger arrived with a letter from her.

As he tore it open he felt his fate rested on the contents.

"Dearest," she had written, "come, if you think it safe—Always yours, Molly."

When the steamer turned away from Bundara some hours later, he was at Molly's side, leaning over the rail. Neither spoke while the island dipped lower and lower into the horizon.

"Little girl," he said at last, "do you think you will always be able to trust me? Do you feel that you will be safe with me?"

"Safe?" she repeated after him. "Yes; but it is your safety I am most concerned about."

"Don't worry about me, dear," he said. "My affair is probably forgotten by now. I want you to feel that I am your protector, that I mean to shield you from anything—anything that might happen to you."

"What could happen to me?" she asked quickly.

"Molly," the man said, "I picked up the paper you dropped last night when you saw—it. Dear, I love you better than life itself, and, as you would not tell me what you had done, I had to find out for myself. We will—"

"What was it you read there?" she asked in a curious voice that made him feel a brute.

"I would rather not discuss it with you ever again," he said. "Let us forget it. Some mad impulse must have possessed you. I know that was it. But you were not safe on Bundara, dear. The police had a suspicion you might be on one of the islands. The description Scotland Yard has of you is unmistakable. We will return the money as soon as we can, and start with a clean sheet. I don't think I should ever have told you of my own indiscretion had I not seen your printed description, and known you were a hunted being like myself. After all, crime is purely a matter of degree, and the depth of one's guilt depends largely upon the circumstances."

"Listen, Almar," the girl said. "The reason I went to Bundara was because I ran away from my husband. I stood it as long as I could, but we were utterly unsuited. Perhaps it was wrong for me to go. The paragraph I read in the paper was to the effect that he was dead. That is all."

There was an awkward pause.

"Then I read the wrong paragraph?" he said.

"Apparently."

Again they were both silent.

"Almar," she said, almost in a whisper, "tell me you invented that story about your partner to—to put us on the same level."

"What makes you think so?" he asked.

"I thought it was splendid of you, but I didn't believe it from the first. Your type doesn't do such things."

There was nobody on deck near them. She was nestling deliciously against his shoulder.

"Almar," she said, "when are we going to be married?"

THE END.

*Taking Cover*

The "Rilette" paintings to the commission of H. Dennis Bradley, visualise the lighter side of a drab war. Reproductions in colour on art paper will be forwarded free to officers in H.M. Forces upon application.

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A NOTE TO OFFICERS COMMANDING CADET UNITS.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

BECAUSE it is a subject upon which I can claim an authoritative knowledge, I wish briefly to discuss the Uniform Allowance of £8 for Cadets. This allowance of £8 represents a preliminary advance on the £50 outfit allowance due to Cadets on being commissioned. The £8 is expended on clothing under the orders of the Officer commanding each unit, and the balance of £42 due to the Cadet on obtaining his commission may be expended by him according to his own personal discretion.

The problem for the Commanding Officers is to obtain the best possible equipment for their Cadets. Extreme zeal, commendable as it is, is liable to foster an undue regard for the quantity of the articles supplied and an insufficient regard for the quality of the materials.

According to the Army Council Instructions, Cadets only wear their uniforms when walking out and for ceremonial parades. This involves little wear, but if these uniforms are not of the very best grade they will be of no use for subsequent wear on active service, and the preliminary expenditure will have been wasted.

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**The Apotheosis
of the Doll.**

Wandering round the fascinating show of Arts and Crafts at Burlington House, I have discovered the reason of my unnatural antipathy to dolls when I still wore socks. It was, one perceives clearly now, because of their lack of individuality, their foolish, docile, Boche faces—all alike, in their millions; silly, acquiescent smiles, bulging cheeks, and hair without a soul. As a matter of fact—and I record it gladly now—I had only one doll which enjoyed any prestige at all, and that was a French Zouave, smartly accoutred and topped with a tasseled fez. This alien soldier was a constant confederate in my martial enterprises by land and sea (the garden and the kitchen cistern), and may have been a symbol of the present glorious Alliance. The modern doll, designed by English artists, is going to be quite a different plaything from the Bavarian toy. The doll of to-day has a great deal of expression, and, though the small babies may be roguish and adorably fat, the five and seven year olds have thin, alert little faces, shock heads, and long, lean shanks. It is possible that doll-making may become one of the first of the minor arts. There is an exhibit of a faun, a shepherd, and a youthful centaur dancing in a woody glade, which leaves one thoughtful. Are we on the eve of a great development among puppets?

**The Art of
"Pussy-Footing."** It is clear that, in the coming autumnal afternoons, our goings and comings will be regulated by our ability to find our way. Walking must be done, but it will only be possible in streets which are familiar—as familiar as the staircases and doors in our own house. We shall find ourselves ringing a certain door-bell at tea-time just because it is the first or second house in the Square, or dining with mere acquaintances because there is a reasonable hope of getting a taxi back. The "Beat" from one's club home is easy, but certain theatres, a little too far East, are most disconcerting, and you find yourself slipping off the curb-stone or barging into lamp-posts do you venture beyond the known regions of the playhouse. In short, you must be able to go "pussy-footing" about—to use the newest piece of American slang—if you want either exercise or amusement on possible Zeppelin nights. And the singular part of the whole affair is that the Londoner is not in the least depressed by his dark capital, which is not so much a City of Dreadful Night as a city of amusing blackness, lit up by the lanterns of romance.

Wessex in 1916.

The other day, in a train which came from the West Country, there sat one of the strangest recruits I have seen in this war. He was a farm-hand from Mr. Thomas Hardy's country; in appearance well over forty, shabby, brown, lined, and silent, yet with a kind of inner spirit which forbade tears or lamentations. This citizen of the great British Empire could not read; he told me

so, quite simply, when offered the morning newspaper. He had been called up, he said, for home defence; and now, badged, was proceeding to Finsbury, in London, to take up arms for his country; and where he was to be stationed he had not the least idea. He had in his pocket a slip of type-written paper with directions where to go. The unknown space between Waterloo Station and Finsbury he was firmly resolved to cover on foot.—ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS

**"The Five-Barred
Gate."**

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON.
(*Hodder and Stoughton.*)

Five bars—every bar stretching for a year of married life, and at the five years' end each couple must take it as best they may. That is the general philosophy of Mr. Temple Thurston's story. A young master and mistress established themselves in a pleasant country house, with a couple as man and maid, the quartet approaching that ticklish five years' proposition.

With a firmly established theory, Mr. Thurston approaches them as chronicler: a man is ever out for adventure; he declares; a woman for romance. All the unhappy, discontented pairs are suffering from disappointment, the one or the other in his or her particular essential. When he affirms his competency to place a happy solution in the hands of all he becomes less definite and satisfactory; but this matters less, seeing that he allows his sentimentality such way that nothing real and alive can hold up its head in the warm, scented bath of it. Maternity, for example, is as beautiful as it is necessary; and a healthy young woman married to the man she adores rightly wishes to experience it. But it becomes needful to separate the consideration of motherhood from Beatrice's maulderings about it, in order to resume the old reverential attitude at its shrine. Mr. Thurston really shouldn't—and he prides himself so on his knowledge of the womanly mind, of woman-ways. There is much of the Ovid manner about this side of him: that rug in front of the dressing-table, "on which a woman stands—like a Mohammedan at his prayers—for so many minutes of every day"; the reflection that "life with a woman is a series of preparations for the realisations or disappointments that follow, and, if she is only going to see the man who has called about the gas-meter, she will do some one thing or another before she leaves her room to meet him."

**"The Romantic
Woman."**

BY BRIDGET MACLAGAN.
(*Constable.*)

The experienced taster of romance may very well be left to this clever, vivid example of its type, with one recommendation—to begin at the second chapter, and take the first last but one; otherwise, it will be only time wasted in wild guessing as to what that first chapter is all about. It may be an old story—the American heiress wedding her English aristocrat—but it is not so often told from the American point of view by an American.

The affair becomes less grotesque, but more wonderful. From her side of the Atlantic Miss Maclagan sends a remarkable picture of Iroquois, that strange city by a lake in the heart of America, and with it an impression of how a girl's life might take colour and shape there that is really extraordinarily vivid. With us she is the clever "chiel" taking notes. The boredom of our best breeding strikes her, of course. When she comes to little extravagances of attitude in the cultured classes, Miss Maclagan is distinctly amus-

ing. Monica, who went up steps to her scarlet lacquered bed gowned in a black nightie; and Clem, who disdained a bed entirely, sleeping on the floor with her head on a wooden Japanese pillow; and their mother, whose protest against their exquisiteness took the form of shoulder-of-mutton and rice-pudding every day for lunch—if there had been a deal more of them, there would still not be too much.



MUSICAL CONDUCTOR AT THE NEW ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE: MR. JIMMY SALE—"CHARACTER" STUDIES.
Mr. Jimmy Sale, who has wielded the baton so effectively at the London Palladium, making many friends on both sides of the curtain, has now entered upon his duties as musical conductor at the new and very beautiful St. Martin's Theatre, in St. Martin's Lane.—[Photograph by Campbell Gray.]





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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

The Blouse-Coat Beautiful.

There is quite a craze for the blouse coat, which is a very graceful and becoming garment. It is simple, and looks as if one could run it up in an hour and a half. That's where its subtlety comes in—there is a large amount of work in it. I saw some beauties at Debenham and Freebody's the other day. One was of black, heavy crépe-de-Chine, with a rich embroidery all over the bodice part, and sleeves of deep and pale gold. At the back was a square collar, also embroidered, and edged narrowly with skunk. In front the collar turned back, forming a deep V, the revers edged with fur. The long basque was pleated and clinging, and was also edged with fur which weighted it enough to keep every pleat in place. It was a dream of a garment, and I know it is delicious to wear. Another that played havoc with my young affection was palest apricot crépe-de-Chine, with just a shimmer of silver embroidery and edged with a narrow line of black fox. In unregenerate days, I would have tried to win enough at bridge to buy it; but I have not touched a card since the war, except to show a wounded laddie here and there a new "Patience," to help him to play his great game of patience!

A Short Way with Him.

The sister of the Emperor of All the Russias, whose marriage has been annulled by the Holy Synod, with the Emperor's consent, was married to Duke Peter of Oldenburg, who was born in Russia, and his father was born in Russia, and all of them belonged to the Orthodox Greek Church. Duke Peter, who was until recently the Emperor's brother-in-law, was in the Russian Army and a Major in the Bodyguard. The marriage took place over fifteen years ago, but there is no family. Duke Peter's cousin, the reigning Duke of Oldenburg, is German. His first wife was a Prussian Princess, his present wife was a Duchess of Mecklenburg, and his eldest daughter is the wife of the Kaiser's fat and favourite son, Prince Eitel Fritz. If Duke Peter showed signs of throwing back to his German origin, the Emperor, the Grand Duchess, and the Holy Synod have had a short way with him!

When Skin is Not Real.

There is nothing impossible at Harrods. I am not at all sure you could not get a new artificial skin there yourself, if you happened to have been frightened out of your own by the Boches' blood-curdling threats! I know you can get the artificial pelt of almost any animal that goes to clothe becomingly the female form divine. I went to see it from curiosity, and I stayed to admire with amaze. A dear friend who had purchased a seal musquash with a skunk border and collar, and has been going to church ever since with a frequency which she probably hopes will condone extravagance, was not so pleased, because there was a woven seal musquash there with a skunk border and collar, and the price was—well, not half what she had paid. Wicked, she called it, to imitate expensive fur so nearly! Now I wonder what the musquashes, or whatever the original owners of the fur are, would think? I believe a beaver would be very much obliged to a weaver who could imitate his pelt well enough to save it for him. Anyway, Harrods' artificial peltry is astonishing; so are their models for the autumn, in every department of dress—astonishing in number, style, and beauty. As for

price—why, it suits war-time purses, some fuller than, others not so full as usual.

One of the Eight Noble Maidens.

The Duchess of Sutherland is probably the youngest Mistress of the Robes ever appointed in this country. She is certainly the youngest since Queen Victoria began to reign. Her acquaintance with her Majesty's robes began with the Coronation, when she was one of the eight noble maidens who carried Queen Mary's train. She is the third Duchess of Sutherland to hold the office. Two predecessors were Mistresses of the Robes to Queen Victoria.

At the memorable fancy-dress ball at Warwick Castle in Edwardian days, Millicent Duchess of Sutherland wore the Coronation robes of one of them, and was a lovely version of a previous Duchess: all of them were remarkably handsome women, if we may judge by their portraits in Stafford House when it was the family mansion in town. That of Harriet Duchess of Sutherland by Sir Thomas Lawrence is very celebrated. The new Mistress of the Robes is also beautiful, and will make a worthy appearance in the family picture-gallery, in which Sargent's portrait of her mother-in-law will always be an arresting canvas. Harriet Duchess of Sutherland held the appointment to Queen Victoria for about seventeen years at different periods. To her was uttered Her Majesty's well-known criticism of Stafford House: "I have come from my house to your palace." She was in office when Queen Victoria resisted Peel's Government's desire to change her ladies with a change of Government.

A Most Wonderful Establishment.

These are days when everyone is in search of keepsakes. A woman I know, who is a friend of many officers from our King's dominions beyond the sea, tells me that they are always writing to ask her to buy things for them, so that they may send them home as souvenirs or keepsakes. It is to the wonderful show-rooms of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, 112, Regent Street, that she wends her way to execute these commissions. After many days, letters of delighted gratitude reach her. The men have heard from the recipients at home how perfectly all right and lovely the presents proved; and far away in remote places of His Majesty's possessions people are learning what we have long known—that the G. and S. is a most wonderful establishment, where everyone can get just exactly what they want, novel, beautiful, and thoroughly good, while the prices amaze the

Overseas officers. Sometimes they send trophies to be mounted, and always the best way is suggested, and the result is eminently satisfactory in all aspects.

The appearance of Miss Mary Anderson in the rôle of Galatea at His Majesty's on Friday will recall to many that memorable night in the 'eighties when she made her first appearance in London, and won all hearts with her first wondering words in the studio scene: "Is this Athens?" Mme. de Navarro is playing for a good cause—to help the funds of Princess Marie Louise's hospital in Jamaica Road, Bermondsey; and for that reason, and for the keen pleasure of seeing the ideal Galatea again, the house is sure to be crowded "to capacity."



ORIGINAL COSTUMES FOR OUT-OF-DOORS.

The model on the left consists of a bright-green broadcloth coat edged with Kolinsky, and a black velvet skirt. The second costume is carried out in grey glove-skin cloth and velvet of a darker shade, with rich trimming of skunk.

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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

PRACTICAL PATRIOTISM: THE TERRIBLE "TANK": PLEASANT PETROL PROSPECTS.

**A War Office
Need.**

The chance has arrived for car-owners who have any spare time to render an undoubted service to their country. Of course, the vast majority are already helping in one way or another, but there is one particular field of activity which they have supposed to be adequately filled, but which is now declared to be in need of further aid. This is the providing of owner-drivers and their cars, through the Royal Automobile Club, for War Office service. All through the war the authorities in Whitehall have only had to ring up the R.A.C. and state that a car is wanted at this or that Divisional Headquarters, or for any other purpose, and the combination of car and driver has been immediately forthcoming. This form of voluntary service has saved the War Office no end of trouble, as well as heavy capital expenditure on cars, the need for finding drivers, and the keeping back of men from the front, for the R.A.C. owner-drivers, of course, are over military age or unfit for military service. Large as is the corps, however, the requests from the War Office now outnumber the supply of men and cars, and the club is calling for new recruits.

**Conditions of
Service.**

Let it be said at once that there is nothing to keep a man from volunteering if he has a serviceable car which will seat four. If he can only give one day a week, his help can be utilised, as also can any offer of service up to continuous duty from day to day. The work consists in driving Staff officers at Divisional or Brigade Headquarters, Colonels on their rounds of inspection, purchasing-officers seeking supplies, or any form of military duty that requires ground to be covered by car in any part of Great Britain; but there is no compulsion to go to an inconveniently distant spot, and the demands, though arranged from London, are met locally as far as possible. Owner-drivers may be in mufti, but it is preferred that they wear an officer's khaki uniform, which must be provided at their own expense. They receive allowances of 6s. per day for food and running repairs, and 3s. per night for billeting, as well as petrol, oil, grease, and tyres free. If able to give their whole time, they are attached to a command, but otherwise act as reliefs, according to the extent of service they are able to give. Although occasionally they may be asked to fill a gap at short notice, they usually receive a request for service three or four days in advance. The driving to be done varies, of course, according to the requirements of the individual headquarters, but it is generally reasonable in amount. Now that the R.A.C. has announced its need of more drivers, it may confidently be hoped that a sufficient number of volunteers will respond forthwith, for they may enjoy the satisfaction of rendering a practical and patriotic

service, and one of which the value is fully appreciated by the military authorities.

"Tank" Heroes. When the now famous "tanks" made their first appearance at the front, with so dramatic a success, it was only natural that the dominant note in the newspaper descriptions was one of unrestrained humour, by reason of the

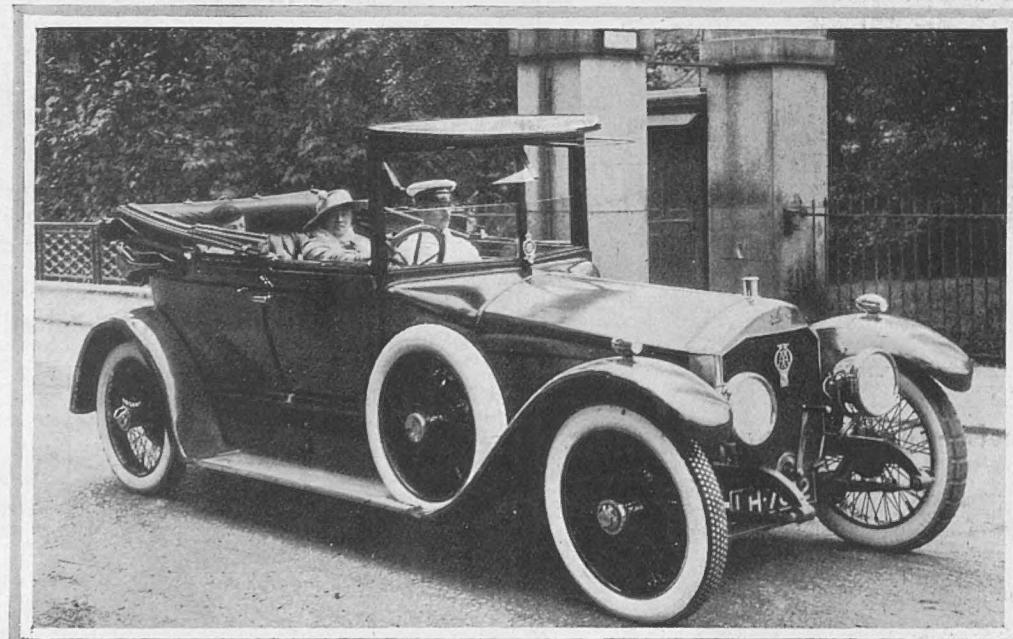
extraordinary appearance and the cumbrous movements of these weird leviathans. One cannot help hoping, however, that the incidentally comic element of the "tanks" service may now be allowed to cede place to a recognition of the serious duties which they have to perform, and particularly of the heroism of the men by whom they are driven into action. It was no small thing to make the first journey across the German lines with a totally new and untried form of attack, and if events have shown that the "tanks" are impervious to machine-gun fire, it was perfectly well known from the start that there was the chance of a direct hit from something heavier, and consequent annihilation. As the fact that one of the "tanks" has already met that fate has been made known in the Press, it must now be recognised that the men who go forward in these machines are heroes in every sense of the word, and take their lives in their hands, even though surrounded by armour-plating. And though the Censor very properly forbids any technical reference to the interior construction of the machines, one is free to say that the conditions under which the crews work make the fullest demands upon their endurance and courage. Wherefore it is very much to be desired that they should no longer be regarded as performers in burlesque, but hailed as men of undoubted bravery in its highest form. This reminder is the more necessary from the fact that the men are chosen from the ranks of the Mechanical Transport Section, as to whom there has always been a tendency to credit them erroneously with a soft job behind the lines.

Petrol Galore.

The Board of Trade returns are the only true index by which to judge the petrol situation, and they are, fortunately, proving very satisfactory to all concerned. In August the imports rose from 17,000,000 to 28,000,000 gallons, and in the always quieter month of September they showed an increase from 9,000,000 to 13,000,000. It is impossible to be despondent, therefore, in the face of these figures, whether as regards the sources of supply or the means of transport. As the Petrol Control Committee has already



TO DRIVE A HOSPITAL CAR IN THE WAR-ZONE ON THE SALONIKA FRONT: MISS BARBARA STIRLING. Miss Stirling, who has just left England to drive a car for the Serbian Relief Fund Hospital, on the Salonika front, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Stirling, of Holme Lea, Goring-on-Thames, and volunteered for work in Serbia. She has been doing V.A.D. work at various hospitals, but, being an expert motorist, determined to devote her skill to active service, where the need is most urgent. Four canteen helpers and two other lady motor-drivers are also of the Salonika party. Miss Stirling has two brothers in the Army—one an officer in the 13th Hussars, and the other in the Artists' Rifles.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

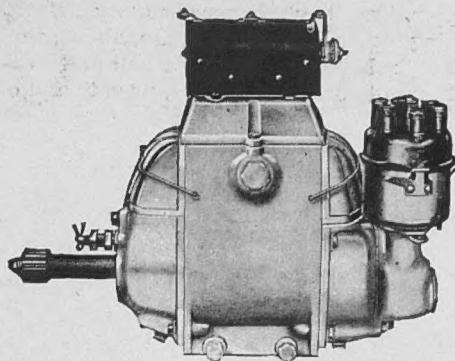


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Photograph by Campbell Gray.

increased our allowances, where private owners are concerned, from eight to sixteen gallons a month, it is not unreasonable to hope, if the increasing imports are maintained, that even further advances may be vouchsafed ere the six months of further licensing have elapsed.



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The wise woman is, also, somewhat keen on a bargain. It is for that reason, among a good many others, that she has made it quite a habit to visit Jelks' huge emporium in the metropolis. Jelks buy from all over the kingdom and sell at the lowest price commensurate with a small margin of profit. Covering some 250,000 square feet of furniture is some £50,000-worth of High-grade Second-hand Bargains. From the thousand-and-one bargains shown at Jelks' the wise woman makes her selection and pays cash, or takes credit, as may best suit her convenience.

In every way the right sort of woman is coming into her own. War workers have laboured nobly at making munitions, and women who reign supreme in their homes have done wonders in combining economy and decoration. At one time we derived our fashions from all over the world. We are still open to hints, but we improve on them so much that the well-dressed Englishwoman fears no competition. She is a modest woman, but she—with the American—is gently conscious of her supremacy. Yet she is seen at her best when at home. All the surroundings reflect her sweet personality; and if one may say so much in what is, after all, an advertisement, she is being well supported by the far-reaching business of Jelks.

On Saturdays this firm supplies tea free of charge after 2.30, and these "Social Saturdays" have become quite an important institution in the metropolis. She is able to combine the social amenities with the development of her brilliant *finesse* for constructing the best kind of home. She is not pressed to buy, but, in her own graceful way, she inspects the good things which are shown. She may make a purchase, or simply make mental notes for future reference. In any case, there is but one piece of advice for readers of the *SKETCH*—take the first opportunity of paying a visit to JELKS'

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

ON the first night at the Lyric Theatre of "Romance" anybody who offered to bet that it would run a year would have been overwhelmed by takers; yet a few days ago the play reached its first anniversary, and still seems full of life. It is an open secret that what may be called its teething period was very troublesome—indeed, Mr. Edward Sheldon's piece nearly died young; but the gods liked it, so it survived. The success of a drama is not likely to alter the critic's opinion of its merits, nor is "Romance" the kind of work which possesses subtle virtues undiscoverable on the first hearing; but its somewhat heavily sentimental story, quite ingeniously handled by the author, and its *cabotine* humours appeal irresistibly to the mass of playgoers, when assisted by the real talent of Miss Doris Keane. Her performance as the heroine is really noteworthy: it is surprisingly skilful in its picture of the Italian *diva* with her whims and fancies, her sudden changes of mood, her flashes of vulgarity and veneer of good manners, and really ought to be seen. One is anxious to know her limits, and see her in a heavier part. It may be observed as a characteristic of our people that good acting is more attractive to them than a good play. Most players, and many of our public also, think that the principal function of a play is to serve as a vehicle for the acting. Miss Keane's part and her admirable execution of it somewhat obscure the accomplishment of the others in the cast; still, one may praise heartily Mr. Owen

Nares for his tactful and effective work as a young clergyman who falls in love with the singer; and Mr. Cecil Humphreys represents her earlier lover, Mr. Van Tuyl, in excellent style.

There is nothing of the Pontius Pilate about the authors of "Mr. Jubilee Drax": Messrs. Horace Vachell and Walter Hackett have promptly taken note of the criticisms, private and of the public,

upon the new piece at the Haymarket, and set to work to amend it—a touching exhibition of humility which will have a substantial reward. The critics alleged that they were curious to know why Mr. Ira V. Blodgett was so anxious to get the blue diamond; being at the Haymarket Theatre, he would have been better advised to seek "The Blue Bird" instead. So a scene is introduced to gratify the curiosity of the critics and others. Various obscurities were denounced. Now, you have to be a really big dramatist before people will take the trouble to try and understand obscurities in your work. "Above all things be easily understood by the common playgoer," is a maxim that might well be written in gold letters upon the den of the popular playwright. Of course, it is difficult for the writer, who knows all about his work, to see that it may puzzle outsiders, and so he is grateful—sometimes—when the critics complain. Consequently, a good deal has been straightened out, so that this exciting detective story can no longer be regarded as a problem play, and, in the hands of its exceedingly strong cast, seems to possess a real chance of getting into general favour. The critics, it is said, are immensely flattered by this recognition of their existence.



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Photograph by Rita Martin.



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